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CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Jahveh.—In Memoriam.—Outside Impressions of General Conference.—Our Centennial Letter. 109

Patronal Addresses of Rev. Francis L. Patton, D. D., and L. C. Garland, LL. D.—Past the Aged, to His Son Timothy.—Selection. OUR BOOK TABLE. General Conference Proceedings. 120

General Conference Proceedings (continued).—Boston Market.—Advertisements. 121

EDITORIAL.

A Different Impression.—The English of Our Bible.—Foreign Correspondence.—Editorial Items. 122

Editorial Items.—General Conference Proceedings (continued).—Advertisements. 123

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—ZION'S HERALD Questions.—How Christ Suffered for Men. THE FAMILY. God's Will.—A Holiday.—FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS. Little Pious Her Haps and Mishaps (Chapter I).—Selections. 124

Massachusetts.—Maine.—A Convention for Prayer and "Scriptural Experience"—Selections.—The Sunday-school. Parliament. OUTGAMES. Advertisements. 125

Business Notices.—Church Registers.—Marriages.—Reading Notices.—NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES. Massachusetts.—Connecticut.—Maine.—East Maine.—New Hampshire.—Advertisements. 126

JAHVEH. (Exodus, III, 14.)

BY FALES H. NEWHALL, D. D.

"I AM WHO AM, go say, I am, I am hath sent me unto thee;" The awful Name, to save, to damn, From Horeb flames to thee and me.

That Name the trembling Hebrew fled From Sinai's high and awful brow; That word of flame his soul inspired, "I am hath sent me unto thee."

That Name the haughty despoiled, As Egypt reeled beneath the sea, And the dread angel's voice arose, "I am hath sent me unto thee."

Through Eden's bowers it thunder rolled, As Adam fled in sin and shame, Yet loosed Eve's faith and rapture bold,—"Man have I made, it is I am!"

At Moreh's oak I am appears,—Abram the Sun of suns degrades; In Shur's lone wild drop Haggar's tears,—HE bids the nation's mother rise.

That Name was thundered loud and dire From Sinai's high and awful brow; Flashed from the tablets writ in fire,—God's law and Gospel, then as now.

That Name was whispered soft and clear From Sinai's high and awful brow; Flashed from the tablets writ in fire,—God's law and Gospel, then as now.

That Name a royal harp-string swept As Salem's gates their heads heaved high; For joy the listening angels wept,—Earth hushed her heart as passed it by.

Shone on a royal youth that Name, Praying on Gibeon's solemn height;—Wisdom enthroned that youth became, Flooding all lands and times with light.

Shedkinah fled, the temple fell, Flashed through the world the sacred flame; To woman lost, at Jacob's well, Came the Eternal Word, I AM.

"Where'er is man, in him I am, That done to man is done to me; His joy or pain shall bless or ban, For in my name he judgeth thee."

When cries to thee a soul in pain, Writhing from sin's dark curse to flee, Hear in that cry His word again,—"I AM hath sent me unto thee."

* Gen. iv, 1 (literal translation.)

IN MEMORIAM.

BY REV. J. B. GOULD.

MARK TRAFTON.

I am not about to write an obituary of this gentleman, but there are, sometimes, remembrances of the living as worthy of being penned as any memories of the dead. The articles on Wollaston recently published in the HERALD, have interested me much, both on account of their racy style and their authorship. I am glad that some ministers do get money enough in forty years of hard toil to secure a "local habitation" for the evening of their lives. A few particulars might have been added to the details given in those articles, as, for instance, how much he paid for his house, how much money he had left, how many of his friends he can entertain at once, and if he is quite sure that he shall be perfectly contented and after life's fitful itinerancy "rest well." As he so freely entered into the details of his plans, one feels free to ask for more. But requested in pace.

I have not seen my worthy friend for seven years, and no doubt he has changed a little, but I remember him as Mark Trafton. Alas! that notable has passed away, and the polite address now is, Dr. Trafton. There are some men who are greatly helped up and on by such stills, but I cannot believe that he is taller, straighter, wittier, kinder, sabler, wiser, better or more eloquent than the Mark Trafton of happy memory. He was past being improved by doctoring, long years ago.

I have a picture hung, not on the walls at Wollaston, but in the memory of my boyhood. In the background is the green foliage of Eastham. The foreground includes a large and deeply interested audience, seated on rough benches, and surrounded by a circle of

snow-white tents. In the centre stands a tall straight figure with the blackest of hair and eyes, and as I listen I still hear the words, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." As the speaker warms with his subject, he calls to the young men in the outskirts of the congregation, and warns them of a day of reckoning, though judgment is seemingly delayed. To my boyish fancy that was a scene for the painter's finest picture, and I shall never forget it. Of course it was the fancy of a boy, or the speaker may have outdone himself, but I thought then, and still think, after hearing the good man many times, that he never surpassed that effort. I then imagined that old North Bennett Street Church must be a heaven to enjoy such preaching, and that their minister was little less than an inspired angel. "Now 'tis little joy, to know I'm further off from heaven, than when I was a boy." Alas! that Church to-day is not, and that preacher—well, he has cast anchor at Wollaston. May he ride safely in that snug harbor for many a year, before the last storm, which must overwhelm us all, shall break upon him! I cannot forbear saying that worthy as he is, and lustily esteemed and loved by so many friends, his good wife is not a whit his inferior. May they both go late to heaven!

WILLIAM LIVESY.

I read with deepest interest the descriptions given in the HERALD last summer of the sickness, triumph and death of this able and earnest worker. If ever I visit the Vineyard again, I shall soon find my way to his grave, where I should like to sit and meditate for hours. I knew him well, and can say without hesitation that he was one of the truest men I ever knew. In 1830, when I was but six years old, my father had charge of the old Thompson circuit. With him were stationed John Lovejoy and William Livesey. Of the preaching of the latter then, I have no recollection, and can only remember the other as having a stentorian voice. As a son of thunder I then revered him, but I have since learned to respect him for other and nobler qualities.

One day, at the parsonage, we were all awaiting the arrival of the stage-coach, and I took my place on the gatepost to watch for its appearance. As soon as it was in sight, I carried the welcome news within, and as it halted before the door, William Livesey bounded from the house and another tall, unpolished Englishman sprang from the coach. They threw their arms about each other's neck, kissed each other, and wept like children. It was one of the earliest things I distinctly remember, but to me it was a most wonderful scene. I had never seen it on that wise before. The stranger was Richard, the brother of William, just arrived from England, young, and somewhat awkward in appearance, but afterward an able and honored member of the Providence Conference for many years. He had a more graceful style and an easier delivery than his brother, but for sterling character, devotion to his work, and genuine ability, William was a king among men. When he had time enough at his disposal, a sympathizing audience, and faith for his theme, he seemed to make the earth tremble beneath him. I once heard him say that he never but once had time to fully deliver his soul, and then he preached two hours and three quarters on the faith that saves. My father often said that he never knew any man so willing to go anywhere, and do anything, and endure any amount of work as he. He was then in his prime, and I knew but little of him after my childhood till I joined the Providence Conference in 1846. He was then an invalid; he bade his brethren farewell, and retired to Warren, R. I., to die. No one thought he could see another Conference, and yet, for nearly thirty years, he literally fought with death and kept him at bay, while he continued to preach. It was sheer courage and conflict that kept him alive so long.

A man of his decided opinions and determined will would naturally come into conflict with others at times, and we all know how liable this was to be the case with him. The sharpest correspondence and severest conflict I ever had with any minister was with him, but his genuine magnanimity and true Christian manliness were fully shown when we met. After a few words of explanation, he shook my hand and never mentioned or seemed to think of the subject again. That was nobility not to be forgotten. His seeming harshness and sharp criticism when he discovered error in doctrine, or laziness or selfishness in men, sometimes led young ministers to fear him; but a kinder heart never beat in a human breast. I once heard Dr. R. M. Hatfield say that William Livesey was the only man he ever felt embarrassed to preach before, and whatever other faults the Doctor may be guilty of, certainly fear is not one of them. On another occasion, I heard Mr. Livesey, who sat under his

preaching at Warren, say that Robert averaged more excellent sermons than any other man he ever heard either in England or America. He said he used to watch the young man as he entered the pulpit, and if he came with his hair well-brushed he never expected much; but when he came with his head in a tousle, they were sure to be carried by storm. Robert, as we all called him then, has come to be a Doctor now, and his case was so bad that they had to doctor him at two colleges at once. William Livesey was one of those men who well deserved a Doctorate, if understanding Methodist theology ever merited such an honor; but nothing could have bettered his name unadorned. Knowing what he had suffered, I did not wonder that he said at last, "tell the Lord I am tired and want to come home." He was "weary of conquering," but unvanquished, and I am sure William Livesey has gone to heaven.

DR. PUNSON.

told us a most interesting story at a late missionary meeting in Birmingham. It was a page in memory of one of the fathers long since gone to swell the majority. A young man applied for an appointment as a Wesleyan missionary, and the brethren requested an old veteran whom they called the "Ursa Major" to examine the candidate. The old man bade him be at his study the next morning at six o'clock. Prompt to the minute he was there, but the old man was not. He waited four hours in that delightful frame of mind which one who has gone through such an ordeal well remembers. The hours seemed like days went by, and ten o'clock arrived; then the old man came shuffling in and said, "You wish to be a missionary, do you? Can you read?" The young man replied in great embarrassment to this strange question, and, by request, read a few sentences. "Can you write?" he gruffly inquired his strange examiner, and at his request the young man wrote his name. "That will do," said the old man, "you can go, and when your case is decided, we will let you know." The young man was astonished, and told his friends what a strange ordeal he had passed through, and the old man was interrogated as to the meaning of his peculiar proceeding. "Oh," said he, "I tested him well. First I summoned him at the unreasonable hour of six in the morning, and he was promptly there. That tested his punctuality. Then I kept him waiting four hours in suspense, and he bore it well. That tested his patience. Then I insulted him with a few impertinent questions, and he bore that meekly and in a Christian spirit. He will do; for a young man who has those three qualifications will be sure to succeed as a missionary."

Such were some of the eccentricities of the early heroes of Methodism in England and in America, and occasionally, one enjoys recalling the odd, the heroic, or the pleasant things connected with those whom we revere, whether among the living or the dead.

Birmingham, England, May 4, 1876.

OUTSIDE IMPRESSIONS OF GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY REV. IRA G. BIRDWELL.

DEAR EDITOR: Will it be worth while for me to speak out a few impressions which the General Conference made upon my heart as I looked in upon it for a couple of days? If you think the world can bear the shock, I will assume the entire responsibility, present and prospective, of the impressions and expressions of this letter.

Impression 1. That a theatre is not the most proper place for the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to hold its session. I saw and heard a venerable Bishop direct the tellers as follows: "Dr. — will collect the votes in the left Dress Circle. Judge — will gather the ballots in the right Dress Circle, etc. Why could he not have said, "left gallery," and "right gallery?" The devil's play-house is no place for the Church, in its official capacity, to do the work of Christ and the Gospel. I would not allow the painted play-actor and his scenes in my church, and so I would not take my Christian work into his church. If the General Conference can hold its session in the Academy of Music, I cannot see why its members, or the young people of the Church, may not fill its boxes and galleries at other times, and whenever they choose. I believe that the session of the General Conference in the theatre is a stupendous scandal upon the Lord Jesus Christ and upon His Church.

Impression 2. That King Caucus has vanquished King Prayer-meeting, and taken the reins into his own hands. Everything drifts towards the caucus. Nothing can breathe in open session, until the caucus midwives have gotten it into shape. Conferences, sections, colors, classes, gather into the caucus, and then they caucus together; and then they march out to the battle in the glory and unity of the caucus' consciousness and strength. Great is King

Caucus! but poor King Prayer-meeting has lost his crown.

Impression 3. That there were too many judges, generals, and doctors, and too few brothers in the Conference. More than a score of times, probably, I heard the Bishop recognize a speaking member as "Doctor," and immediately correct himself and say "Brother," or vice versa. To the average on-looker this use of titles was absurd and almost pitiful, and it would seem that the use of plain Mr., or the Methodist "Brother," would have been more sensible and scriptural. Too many Rabbits—too many titles for convenience! Is it possible that we are forgetting to let "brotherly love continue," or that we are running into an ecclesiastical shoddiness of titles and high-sounding diploma words?

Impression 4. That there is a lack of true Methodist homogeneity in the body, so that, as now constituted, it is in no high sense a deliberative body. The East, and the West, and the North, and the South, are there in their local and segregated character. The laity is there, steadily insisting upon its separate vote; the ministry is there; the color line and element is there compactly held in certain hands; and if the fire which is able to fuse all these individualities into aggressive oneness is there, all will be well.

Impression 5. That there was a lack of any deep, pervading religious influence. Of course there are none but Christian men and ministers present; but gathered good Christian men and ministers into big cities, and big hotels, and big theatres, and it is impossible, in the nature of things, but that they come under the influence of their surroundings, and move in an atmosphere that is thick with the fog of caucuses and political conventions, and theatrical vapors.

Impression 6. That there must be a revival of love for the simple work of the pastorate, or "Ichabod" must soon be written upon the brow of American Methodism. What we want is a few men of commanding genius, absolute freedom from political manipulations, or thoughts, abounding labors, and all-consuming love for souls, for the Church, and for our Bishops. Then a few men of similar qualities for Book Agents, editors and secretaries, and then all the rest of us contentedly, faithfully pushing the work of the pastorate as our chosen life-work. The whisperings about General Conference of the ambition of certain men for certain places, of Episcopal influence for or against certain men or measures, of carrying this or that project by political pipe-laying, of course must be false and malicious; but so long as the General Conference holds its sessions in the devil's play-houses, it will not be strange if such whisperings are set in motion, and believed by many.

Other impressions were left upon my mind, but place would fail me in your columns. These already named were made upon my heart. I am not one of Carlyle's "atrabillious kind." I recognize the gifts, and graces, and piety, and sincerity of the Bishops and representative members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I shall respect them all and be obedient to them just as soon as they get out of the theatre, and have undergone a reasonable purification. There are great multitudes of good Christian people in our Church, who, with no touch of fanaticism, are grieved at the sight of their highest council on the floor, in the boxes and galleries, on the platform, or in the pit of a theatre; and I am not prepared to say that such grief is not born out of the intuitions of sanctified conscience and deepest Christian philosophy. The upper room, or a consecrated house of worship, is the best place for a Methodist General Conference.

I have a few suggestions to make in reference to the future. This General Conference being half through, it is time to begin to think and agitate for 4880:—

Suggestion 1. Reduce the votes of representatives one-half, always allowing one delegate to each Conference. We can trust 150 men just as easily and safely as 300. If they legislate and act in the true democratic and New Testament spirit and method, they will do as well as any larger number, and if King Caucus is still upon the throne, about 50 judges, and generals, and doctors, and General Conference officials, would be amply sufficient. But in all seriousness, it must be evident to all that the General Conference is a very unwieldy and inconclusive body, and that aside from the honor and excursion part of it, a two-weeks' session, with half the number of delegates, would expedite and simplify business, and save thousands and thousands of dollars to the groaning Book Concern.

Suggestion 2. Have only octennial sessions. Distribute the working responsibilities of the Church through the Quarterly, Annual, District and Judicial Conferences. Leave the pastors with nothing upon their hands but pastoral work, and let the General Confer-

ence be a truly representative body—the great Methodist Church assuming official personality before her members and before the world for the hour.

Suggestion 3. Let the next General Conference be held upon some retired camp-meeting ground! Just as the Roman cardinals are shut out from the world absolutely, when they go into conclave for the election of a Pope, so let our Bishops and delegates go aside from big cities, hotels and theatres, and cloister themselves with each other and with God, without a single caucus or secret session, or outside lobby, let them implore the Holy Spirit's guidance and presidency, and then take up the problems of legislation and Church polity and policy, and discuss and decide them upon their own merits.

Is it too late in the day to ask for such a General Conference?

Other suggestions offer themselves to my mind and pen, but these must suffice for the present. Let us remember that the dignity and power of our Methodism are quite as dependent upon humble pastors and class-leaders, as upon Bishops and secretaries, and that prayer-meetings have more to do with her internal harmony and largest success than General Conferences.

OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

To the stranger visiting the Exposition, the buildings and surroundings present the appearance of a prosperous village. Upon entering the Elm Avenue turnstile, the visitor finds himself on a grassy quadrangle with the Main Building on his right, and Machinery Hall on his left. To the east of the Main Building stands Memorial Hall with its dome and speller statuary. Southeast of Memorial Hall, across a deep and picturesque ravine, Horticultural Hall rears its glass dome, while beyond this, the Gothic pinnacles of Agricultural Hall rise among the trees. The chief object of interest is the Main Building. This mammoth structure is 1,880 feet in length, and 464 feet in width. The height in the interior from the floor to the louvre is 70 feet. The building is constructed of iron, wood and glass. At each of the four corners is a tower 75 feet high, and rising from the centre of the building are four other towers, each 120 feet high, and marking the outlines of a square measuring 120 feet on each side. The entire space occupied by the building is 21,476 acres. The cost of its construction is \$1,600,000. The departments of mining, metallurgy, manufactures, education and science, subdivided into as many branches as there are different industries related to each department, embrace the exhibits. Thirty-five different countries are represented among the exhibitors, each exhibitor vying with the others in the taste and magnificence of his show-cases.

THE UNITED STATES.

The area reserved for exhibitors from the United States amounts to 189,231.1 square feet, or nearly one-third of all the floor space of the building. The display is magnificent. Books, drugs and chemicals, iron and tin ware, columns of granite, civil and military society paraphernalia, and cotton and woolen goods, are the most prominent exhibits. Although not surrounded by a pavilion, as are most of the spaces awarded to the different nations, the cases and stands excel in beauty. Exhibits particularly worthy of note, are in the book line, J. B. Lippincott and Co., Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia, Harper & Brothers, and the Methodist Book Concern of New York; in the display of fire-arms, Colt, Smith and Wesson, and Remington and Sons lead; in silver ware, Tiffany and Co., New York, and Bailey and Co., and J. E. Caldwell and Co., Phila. Others might well be noted, but space will not permit.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Area 51,776.3 square feet. This section of the building is so near completion as not to mar the effect in the least. The whole department presents a most chaste appearance, and the splendor of the exhibits leads one to imagine himself in some old Oriental palace. Gorgeous carpets, china ware covered with expensive and beautiful engravings, silver ware, large sheets of oil-cloth, some of which would cover two or three good-sized rooms, are among the principal attractions. But here, as at Vienna, Great Britain will be marked for her skill in the ceramic art, vases of all kinds and descriptions, large and small, of every conceivable shape, all delicately finished and covered with paintings representing the great heroes of the country, are shown in great numbers.

FRANCE AND COLONIES.

Area 43,314.5 square feet. The arrangements were not fully completed on the opening day, nor are they yet done. Plaster models and work of all kinds are very conspicuously placed throughout the entire apartment. The show-cases which are stamped with the French coat-of-arms are ex-

ceedingly fine. This portion of the building is the one particularly attractive to the ladies, for the display leads in respect to silks, satins and other materials used in woman's dress. Gentlemen's notions also form a specialty. There is, of course, a great display of wines and fine groceries, but the handsomest, and by far the most valuable, exhibit is the furniture of wood—one piece, a variegated hearth, is said to be valued at \$50,000.

GERMANY.

Area 27,705.5 square feet. This country is one of the four occupying the nearest pavilion in the building. It is of Renaissance style, and has the portraits Isabella, "the Catholic," Pizarro, Cortes, De Soto and Ponce de Leon painted in life size upon it. These portraits impress one with the fitness of Spain's taking part in our show. Gold, silver and bronze articles used in the Catholic Church, paintings of the apostles and saints, linen, silk and woolen dress goods, cut glass, earthen ware and carpets, compose the display. The exhibitors are few, but the cases are large and very artistically arranged. In a conspicuous place is a wax figure of Pope Pius IX., and behind him is a throne of the same substance. I forgot to mention the exhibit of Castile soap, which is very large and very fine.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

Area 24,070.3 square feet. A triple arch, filled in with Tyrolean stained glass, upon which the coat-of-arms of the provinces, and the portraits of Andreas Hofer, the patriot, and of Rudolph IV., of the House of Hapsburg, the first Emperor of Austria are stamped, encloses this section. The display consists of musical instruments, jewelry, drugs and medicines, pipes, canes, paintings and furniture.

CANADA.

Area 24,070.3 square feet. Education has a warm friend in the Canadian, and great prominence is given to its display. The geological and mineralogical interests are also well represented. An Italian marble work in the form of a hearth attracts great attention. Petroleum, hides, furs, and beautiful mantels and hearths are among the exhibits. Besides Canada, Great Britain has six other colonies occupying a space equal to that of Canada. These colonies are Jamaica, noted for its beautiful polished woods, and, of course, rum; New Zealand, making a specialty of furs, hides, feathers, and photographs of famous natives; New South Wales, of paintings representing the principal public buildings of the land and romantic views of the country, gold and silver, and an immense, gilded, rectangular solid, symbolizing the bulk of all the gold mined in the colony since 1868—a quantity amounting to 8,205,232,598 ounces in weight, South Australia has not yet completed her display, but minerals and landscape-paintings are to be seen; Victoria, whose display is also incomplete, presents for inspection furs, dressed skins and geological charts; Queen's land has probably the largest collection of drawings in the building, portraying botanical and geological specimens, and the ancient war weapons used by the natives. In the section assigned to India may be seen rice, cotton, sugar-cane, bamboo ware, silks, and the stuffed skins of wild beasts. This completes the display of the colonies. To

SWEDEN.

has been assigned space amounting to 17,755.3 square feet. The entrance is through a great archway, the design and finish of which is one of the most beautiful pieces of carpentering on the grounds. In the number, value and beauty of her ceramics, Sweden is only equalled by Great Britain. Granite monuments finely polished, and a hearth of white clay, relieved with gilding, attract great attention. There is also a fine geological survey of the country.

JAPAN.

Area 17,080.8 square feet. This section is filled with white pine structures so stained and rounded as to imitate bamboo. Festoons of white and blue cloth, with fan-shaped patterns stamped on them in red and black, hang from the roof of the Main Building. Vases, urns, etc., pottery of all kinds, decorated in a grotesque manner, are the principal exhibits. The place, however, is full of curiosities, displaying no inferior type of workmanship.

THE NETHERLANDS.

occupy 15,450 square feet. This section is enclosed by a graceful structure of the Moresque style. The display is one of the most creditable in the building. Rich carpets, as fine as any Brussels, bedding of all kinds, a great column of soap, many colored worsteds, marble mantels, scientific apparatus, and scenes from Goethe and Schiller painted on dark colored glass and made brilliant by inlayings of mother-of-pearl, and models of the homes of Holland from the peasant's cottage to the palace of the prince, are all worthy of note. But the leading exhibit is that of the models and charts of the public works of the country.

BELEGIUM.

Area 15,358.8 square feet. This section is not enclosed by a pavilion, but is almost surrounded by great frames containing fine large mirrors which reflect the whole exhibit, and deceive the visitor into imagining that the space extends for a mile or more. Church ornaments, among them a pulpit of carved wood, a wonderful piece of mechanism, rich, heavy carpets, fine costly laces, musical instruments and military paraphernalia, form the attractions of this department.

SPAIN.

Area 13,253 square feet. Spain has the nearest pavilion in the building. It is of Renaissance style, and has the portraits Isabella, "the Catholic," Pizarro, Cortes, De Soto and Ponce de Leon painted in life size upon it. These portraits impress one with the fitness of Spain's taking part in our show. Gold, silver and bronze articles used in the Catholic Church, paintings of the apostles and saints, linen, silk and woolen dress goods, cut glass, earthen ware and carpets, compose the display. The exhibitors are few, but the cases are large and very artistically arranged. In a conspicuous place is a wax figure of Pope Pius IX., and behind him is a throne of the same substance. I forgot to mention the exhibit of Castile soap, which is very large and very fine.

RUSSIA.

Russia, Turkey, Portugal, the Argentine Republic, Tunis, and the Sandwich Islands, are not as yet fully completed, nothing being in sight save a number of large unopened boxes. Russia's backwardness is partially due to the fact that the steamer Goethe which sailed with the Centennial exhibits on board was injured at sea and compelled to put in at Plymouth for repairs, and has not yet resailed. The internal troubles of Turkey seem to occupy all the time of the people, and leave none for the proper consideration of the Exhibition.

ITALY.

Area 8,167.5 square feet. Everything is ready. The structure enclosing this section is very pretty and neat. Cabinets of carved walnut, or rosewood inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, ebony, and sometimes valuable stones are to be seen; a model of the Cathedral at Milan, one side sparkling in the rays of the rising sun, the effect caused by an inlaying of mother-of-pearl; statues and statuettes, some copied, others the works of masters; bronze statuary, and other works of art, and some Italian jewelry, are striking features of the display. Egypt and Italy undoubtedly lead in cabinet ware, and the copies of the furniture used at St. Peter's at Rome are very interesting.

NORWAY.

Area 6,897 square feet. The pavilion is very pretty, reminding the looker-on of the quaint little cottages to be seen in that romantic country. Cut-glass, silver ware, musical instruments, ornaments for ladies, perfumery, cod-liver oil, knives, watch-chains, charms, hand-woven worsted cloths, which have obtained a medal at all the previous great Exhibitions, cotton yarn, and stockings knitted by five-year-old girls, evidenced quilts, furs, hides of all kinds, ancient Norse weapons, fishing material, carved furniture 400 years old, drinking-horns, jewelry, carriages, sleighs, and iron in bars and in sheets, go to make up one of the most entertaining displays in the building.

BRAZIL.

Area 6,897 square feet. This country has been assigned a space next to the Netherlands, and although its pavilion, which cost \$30,000, is of the Moresque style, its gaudiness does not contrast favorably with the neat and subdued color of its neighbor. Precious stones in a rough state, ores of valuable metals, soap, candles, hats, caps, shoes and clothing similar to those worn by both prince and peasant, skins and furs, stuffed birds and animals, and artificial flowers made from the brilliant colored feathers of the birds of the country, form the exhibit. Don Pedro is, however, the finest exhibit that Brazil has made.

SWITZERLAND.

Area 6,646.3 square feet. What else but clocks and watches? Clocks of silver and clocks of brass. You cast the eye about, and a group of fighting dogs attracts your attention; upon inspection you find in that group a clock. Every imaginable device is used, but all are clocks, and fine gold and silver watches; in fact, such a display as Switzerland only could make. Great seamless sheets of lace, banners and regalias, fine straw and silks, maps of the entire country, specimens geological, botanical, agricultural and entomological, are also objects of great interest to the visitor.

MEXICO.

Area 6,504 square feet. The pavilion is constructed after the fashion of the buildings in the city of Mexico at the time of the conquest by Cortes. It is built of wood and plaster, and is of a Gothic style. The display, which is just about completed, consists of mottled marble of great beauty, educational and scientific books, silk, cotton and wool, and specimens from the mines of the country.

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ZION'S HERALD

The balance of the year, can have it until January, 1877, for *One Dollar* and twenty-five cents, including postage.

During the next few months matters of special interest will appear in its columns. The New England Conference commences its session in Lowell, April 5, and the Providence, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine and East Maine Conferences immediately follow. The General Conference convenes in Baltimore, May 1st, and it will probably be a session of unusual interest. A full report of all these Conferences will appear in *ZION'S HERALD*, which of itself will be worth more than the price of the paper to every intelligent Methodist reader.

While the ministers please mention our offer to their Churches, that all may have an opportunity to subscribe.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1876.

This is anniversary week in Boston. Every day is crowded with either business or public meetings. The purely denominational (especially those that take on a social character) are the most popular and best attended like the Congregational and Unitarian reunions. The Bible Society on Wednesday afternoon, at the new Old South, with Dr. Hall, of New York, as a preacher, will not lack an eager audience. Our Church has its anniversary and public occasions at its Conferences, and at the great-quadrennial gatherings, like the present one in Baltimore. We well recollect when anniversary week was one succession of crowded and enthusiastic meetings. But these public services have been indefinitely and unendurably multiplied, until neither the week nor the attendants upon them could bear the surplus. Besides, the war created such surpassing excitements of itself, that these meetings, during its continuance, were by comparison tame, and eloquence became a cheap and common affair. But the press now takes the place of the public hall, and spreads out before the religious world the great field and the necessities of the organized charities among us. Enthusiasm has somewhat died away, but Christian principle remains, and every true interest of the Master's kingdom is well sustained.

General Conference has been greatly concerned with the official newspaper question. As a money making matter, or as a question simply of securing the highest form of literary ability, there is no doubt it would be economical and wise to have fewer papers, and to thoroughly endow the editorial corps employed on them. But local papers, beyond their literary and religious functions, have an invaluable local work to perform. They are the necessary exponents and interpreters of local necessities, and an important reinforcement to all the local charities and evangelical movements. But it is far better to have these sectional prints under local management. It relieves the over-burdened Book Rooms of responsibility. It develops the intelligent and generous supervisions of our laymen in all portions of the work, and creates a stronger interest in the circulation of the paper itself. Two official papers perhaps would be enough, one for the East and one for the West. Others might be aided in starting, and then be safely submitted to the support of the districts they represent. This would remove from the long sessions of General Conference many wearisome discussions, and many occasions for heart burning in the heated canvass for occupants of editorial chairs.

ZION'S HERALD has been more useful, independent, loyal and popular as a voluntary newspaper, under denominational auspices, than it would have been, if a dependent adjunct upon the publishing house at New York.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams related to a friend of ours, last week, an interesting unpublished incident, in the life of his father, John Quincy Adams, quite characteristic in itself and replete with excellent sense. The younger Mr. Adams was remarking upon the freedom with which the press had been accustomed to use the family name in the different generations, and the philosophy with which he now regarded newspaper criticisms, and then referred to this occurrence. When a young man, he had become, he said, accustomed to the most bitter and malevolent attacks upon his father, but on one occasion, the well-known Boston editor, Buckingham, capped the climax, by saying in his paper, that "Mr. Adams would rob his father's grave for a dollar or a vote."

The young man with all his philosophy could not stand this; he was bursting with rage, and made preparation to write as severe and indignant a rebuke as was in his power. He intimated his intentions to his father. "Be as mad as you please," was the sage statesman's advice, "but be sure and do not rush into print with me!" Quite suddenly the heated young blood was permitted to cool down. Some years afterwards, while the ex-President was a member of the House, Mr. Buckingham visited Washington and was present in the Hall of the Representatives. He carried after the adjournment, noticing that Mr. Adams remained in his seat. Approaching him, he said, "Mr. Adams, will you shake hands with me?" "Certainly, sir," said the veteran politician, immediately proffering his hand. "You shall never be abused again," Mr. Adams, in any paper," responded the mellowed and re-

pentant representative of a party press; and, said Mr. Charles Francis, "he never was!" Silence in this case, as in most others, proved golden.

The missionary ladies in Washington seem to have had a nice time of it; and they deserved it! Having attended with praiseworthy diligence to their routine work in reviewing their broad mission field, they were permitted to enjoy some of the peculiar social amenities of Washington. Under the chaperonship of Mrs. Dr. Newman, through a hearty and courteous invitation from Mrs. Grant, the ladies of the executive committee enjoyed a reception and entertainment at the Presidential mansion. During the reception in the evening, the President, with his two sons, Fred and Ulysses Jr., joined the company, and proffered the kindest attentions to their guests. The pleasant evening closed with a scene that has probably been without a parallel in the White House. Mrs. Grant called upon Mrs. Dr. Hubbard, who had been the presiding officer of the body, to engage in prayer. After which, the ladies sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "I need Thee every hour," and left such a benediction upon the honored family, now occupying the most conspicuous station in the Republic, behind them, as visitors to their thronged rooms rarely do.

We are more impressed, of course, with the evils of our times because we are personally cognizant of them in all their unmitigated enormity, and in all their baneful consequences. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." The old times seem purer and as simpler. Such ample and frank diaries, however, as President Adams', reveal a condition of things in Congress much more appalling in their moral character than anything that now affords a subject for popular criticism or public investigation. Drunkenness of the most shocking character, duelling, combinations, plantation manners, political rings and corruptions, were matters of common occurrence, and what is more significant, did not excite the public abhorrence and unqualified indignation that vices and crimes of a less heinous character do at the present day. There is room enough for reform conventions, but the moral world has not rolled backward in its orbit, and is "a better farther on."

In a Massachusetts city, not far from the Capitol of the State, a Church of our denomination, some time since, built a large and convenient house of worship. As it was a heavy burden even for a vigorous body to bear, when the season came round for taking up the annual collection for missions, the pastor prefaced his call for the accustomed contribution, by remarking that it could hardly be expected, after their heavy outlays, that they would subscribe as much as heretofore, and that, perhaps, it was due them that the collection itself should have been omitted. A brother, who had probably given as large a sum as any one, if not more, rose in the audience and remarked in a quiet tone, and in his usual measured sentences, "I do not wish to seem to differ in opinion with our pastor, but I think it would not look well for an able Church like ours, in a Christian land, to tax the miserably poor heathen of India and other parts of the world to build for them a comfortable house of worship." "Pass the boxes," said the pastor, convicted of his error, and thoroughly converted from his false premises, and a larger, rather than a diminished, collection than usual was the result.

We shall soon learn that there is no patient way of saving men. Temporary successes follow new modes and the labor of new men. But there is only one name given under heaven, among men, whereby we can be saved. The preaching of the Gospel to every creature is the divine process for the world's redemption. The Church of Christ is the mother of us all, in whose warm and rich bosom the children of faith are to be nourished. It is folly to lose faith in these authoritative modes. The gates of hell shall not prevail against them, and the inspired pen has already portrayed the ultimate triumph of the truth as it is in Jesus. Let us labor faithfully, hopefully and prayerfully in the portion of the Master's vineyard falling to us to cultivate. Paul plants, Apollos waters, but God giveth the increase.

We learn of one of our generous merchants, who is an official member of a Church in the suburbs of the city, that he has taken his pastor with him on a visit to Washington, Baltimore and the Exposition at Philadelphia. He has secured excellent and cultivated companionship for himself, and given his pastor a delightful and invigorating excursion. There will be better preaching after the trip, and the thoughtful merchant will have the benefit of it!

Dr. E. Revels, D. D., was last week elected editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate* at New Orleans. Dr. Revels is the colored ex-United States Senator from Mississippi, a very able, scholarly and modest man.

A DIFFERENT IMPRESSION.
When a sincere and thoughtful man desires to express, over his own signature, his honest convictions upon subjects which he deems of vital interest to the Church, we are disposed to offer him the opportunity of our columns, although we do not entirely accord with him in judgment. One of our most cultivated and popular pastors relieves his mind with great freedom and earnestness of expression upon our first page. His late visit to the General Conference at Baltimore has evidently not been a means of grace to him, but, on the other hand, has burdened him with an oppressive "concern" for the Church. He talks right out in remarkably plain Saxon, so that no one can be left in painful doubt as to his meaning. Ungrateful misgivings and apprehensions have been awakened in his heart, and he warns the brethren

with the faithfulness of a Hebrew prophet.

He is certainly not alone in his lively apprehension of the secular atmosphere which seems to surround the canvassing efforts of the delegates in the elections to official positions, and the worldly modes by which majorities in some instances seem to be secured. Some of the members of the body itself proposed resolutions of disapproval of such courses. But admitting this without offering the slightest apology for it, or, by any expression weakening the force of the denunciation of the evil, still one can but ask the questions, how can we discover without conference, the fit men for the different positions, and how, without some organized unity of purpose, can we secure the best man for the work the Church has to do? Unlike popular political caucuses, after the ballot, there does not remain a party in opposition, but the whole Church accepts the result of the "lots" as indicating a higher wisdom than human, and settles down into a hearty support of the elected incumbents. There are a few men who seem to be born to be managers. They make themselves to be conspicuously and offensively busy always in bringing forward and urging the claims of candidates, if happily it be not their own merits. These men, however, can be readily counted. They are made of such coarse fibre, that they do not seem to be much injured by canvassing, and they are generally so heartily despised that they exercise very little influence for evil over others. Familiar and unsuccessful candidates for various offices soon sink to their proper level, and are remanded, at an early period, to the rear seats of the sanctuary. The temporary disappointment of good men and their friends in failing to secure adequate recognition of real talent is an excellent discipline, and yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

We were conscious of no ungrateful sensation arising from the fact that the hall, where the august assembly met, was an opera house. We should be glad if every theatre in the land could be turned into a temple of piety, even temporarily. To one like myself, unfamiliar with the scenes and the terminology of a play-house, the designation of the different parts of it had no unpleasant associations. We were more afflicted at certain dramatic performances of one or two of the members of the Conference, and by a few occasions on which the first Adam seemed to triumph over the Second, and unrestrained natural (not feigned) passion appeared, for the moment, to give a tragical interest to the scene, than by the fact that we were witnessing it and hearing it from a "stage," with its movable scenery behind us. We can hardly see how Christ could be dishonored when humbly invited by His own disciples to preside over their assemblage in the courts of a temple, where money changers and votaries of pleasure ordinarily crowd Him out, or how any young person would lose the distinction between divine worship and a theatre by hearing dogmologies, sacred songs, and prayers offered, and religious interests discussed, in a hall, at other times devoted to secular purposes. When the great revival in 1857 burst forth in New York city, one of its first results was the opening of a theatre to the preaching of the Gospel. We are now looking and praying for just such another reformation as changed the Tremont Theatre to a Temple of God in Boston, and stand ready to be invited to preach an early sermon in the Globe or Boston Theatre.

This leads us to the not very original but true remark that "things have changed," and we cannot help it! Our denomination has burst its disciplinary bonds. Its humble and almost uniformly plain costume, its bare, unornamented chapels, its rousing sermons, its almost entire absence of wealth in its membership, its crowded classrooms, its melting band-meetings, are among the things that are past. There is a worldly atmosphere around us. We have a king now like the other tribes. No one feels it to be a cross to acknowledge himself a Methodist. We have rich men in our pulpits and in our pews. We see everywhere the appliances and the comforts of wealth. Money, certainly, is not yet fully sanctified in our communion. We cannot change the facts. We must work with them as they exist. All our preaching and writings will not alter them. Nothing but a reformation, like the original one, in which the Church was born, can bring it back to its holy simplicity, purity, consecration and moral power. May God send us such a Pentecost! Let us pray for it! But we find safety in the size of the General Conference rather than danger. In other years we were officially interested in reducing the number of members of the General Conference of Massachusetts from four or five hundred to three hundred. But we cannot forget one significant remark that a sage Senator made. "There is safety," he said, "in a large body, and this fact fully compensates all the additional expense of it. A small body, like the Assembly of New York, can be readily reached and influenced by outside agents, but a half thousand men cannot be the subjects of a lobby." The large representation of our General Conference is its conservation from any sudden and radical movement. There is an amazing solidarity in such a body. Only when a wholesome and providentially indicated progressive movement is fairly demonstrated to be beneficial to the Church will this large Congress yield a majority in its favor.

And these delegates are, after all, good men. They are imperfect and human; they are sometimes overcome

in high debate by a heated temper; they lapse from the exalted standard of Bible holiness; but they are men of prayer, and are the children of the Highest! No man can look upon this body of ministers and of noble laymen, hear their words of pronounced experimental piety, join with them in subduing and exultant strains of holy song, mark their sensitiveness to everything that affects Christ's kingdom upon the earth, without feeling a sense of gratitude to God that He is accounted worthy of being a member of such a blessed fellowship.

THE ENGLISH OF OUR BIBLE.

In the view of the best scholars, the Bible of King James' translation is a marvel of clear, simple, idiomatic and nervous English. In it we have the language of the people at that formative period when the style was natural, easy and expressive. From this circumstance, no new translation can equal or supersede the one now in use. The Authorized Version affords a model of religious English.

At the same time, this admirable and unsurpassed translation requires a fresh revision, not only to remove the defects of construction, rendered inevitable by the scholarship of that age, but also to adapt it to the changes effected in the language itself in the two and a half centuries that have elapsed since that work was executed. The language has grown away from the version. Many words, current at that date, are now entirely obsolete, and others which remain in use, have changed in meaning, so that a different word is now required to express the sense of the original. On this subject of change in the sense of Bible words, Prof. William Swinton has just given us an interesting and valuable manual.

The aim of this little manual is to afford practical aid in the study of our English Bible. The plan is, in case of words that are obsolete, to give their significance; and in the case of the larger list of terms that have undergone transformations of meaning, to state the Bible sense of the word, and then to bring it into comparison with its modern definition, the whole being often illustrated by selections from contemporary English authors of the highest standing. The work is one of great value to Bible students for home and Sabbath-school use.

A glance over the pages of our English Bible will bring to our notice many words current at the date of the translation, but now entirely obsolete. As specimens of this class, we have the words, ambassage, assuage, astonished, avengement, avouch, besom, bolled, bruit, caul, chapter, chapmen, callops, confusion, cracknel, daysman, ear in the sense of ploughing, endamage, ensample, eschew, eventide, evilfavouredness, exchanger, eyeservice, familiars, fling, flustering, folk, forswear, forwardness, fowler, forward, fuller, glistering, Goodman, grinders, habergeon, hungerbitten, jewelry, jet, kerchief, kine, knock, leasing, lotel, list, magnificent, minish, muller, neeing, noisome, occupier, occurrent, quaternian, ravin, savour, seethe, servitor, shambles, silverling, sith, sodden, taches, tow, twain, woe, wort, yesternight, etc.

The list of words, still in use, which have undergone some change in meaning is much larger. Only a few samples from Professor Swinton's extensive catalogue can be here furnished.

Abroad, in modern usage, means out of the country, but in the Bible, away from home or out of doors. *Admiration*, in the Bible and early English, means *wonders*, but now carries also the sense of *approval*. *Adversary* now equals opponent or antagonist; in the Bible, an opponent in a lawsuit, (Mat. v. 25). *Advertise*, which meant to inform, is now narrowed to a particular manner, namely, by publication. *Affinity* in the Bible means relation by marriage, while with us the sense is broadened to embrace relations in general. "Solomon made affinity with Pharaoh" (1 Kings iii, 1). We speak of the affinity of sounds or colors. *Allow* in the Bible means to approve, as "ye allow the deeds of your fathers" (Luke xi, 48); but in modern English to permit. *Amiable*, once applied to things, as "How amiable are Thy tabernacles," now denotes only the quality of persons. In the Bible *artillery* is applied to any engines for projecting missiles, especially including bows and arrows. "Jonathan gave his artillery to his lad" (1 Sam. xxi, 44) — his bow and arrows. The term is now confined to cannon, an engine unknown to the ancients.

Audience, which meant a hearing as "Ephron in the audience of the people" (Gen. xxiii, 13), now means a collection of auditors. *Beast* in old English is a living creature of any kind; but has come to be narrowed down to mean an irrational animal, a brute (Rev. iv, 6). *Bonnet*, a head-dress for men or women, is now confined to the latter. *Bring* meant to accompany, and not simply, as with us, to fetch. "And they brought us on our way" (Acts xxi, 5). *Carriage* in the Bible is baggage, "David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper" (1 Sam. xvii, 22); while with us it is the vehicle which carries. *Charger* means that on which anything is laid, the bearer of the man. The *charity* of 1 Cor. xiii, is love; while with us it is contracted to one of the external fruits of love, namely, *alms*. *Coast*, used exclusively in reference to the margin of the sea, denotes in the Bible the borders of country in general. "They be-

A Bible Word Book, a Glossary of Scripture terms which have changed their popular meaning or are no longer in general use. By William Swinton. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1874.

sought him that he would depart out of their coasts" (Mat. viii, 34).

Conversation used in the Bible in the sense of deportment, disposition, is now narrowed to mean deportment only in regard to speech. *Corn*, wheat or barley, is now in America *maize*. *Engine*, in the Bible a military machine, is now any machine for producing effects. *Let*, to hinder, has come to mean the reverse, to permit, allow. *Lowd* in our translation signifies simply ignorant; but the term has acquired the sense of *low*, vicious. *Lover*, once applicable to both sexes, is now confined to the male sex. In the Bible a *man of war* is a soldier, as "Herod with his men of war" (Luke xxiii, 11); but with us a *ship of war*.

Meat in the Bible means food in general; but it is with us confined to animal food. *Nephew* with us means the son of a brother or sister; in the Bible it extends to more remote relations as grandchildren (1 Tim. v, 4). *Provoke*, which meant to incite, is now employed only in a bad sense — to incite to anger. *Road* was used in the sense of *raid*: "Whither have ye made a road to-day?" (1 Sam. xxvii, 10). *Thought* in the Bible has the sense of anxiety which has been eliminated by modern usage. "Take no thought for your life" — no anxious thought — (Mat. vi, 25). *Translate* had the sense of transfer in general, but is now confined to the transfer from one language to another. "To translate the kingdom from the house of Saul" (2 Sam. iii, 10). One other word may close our list. *Wealth* in the early English was *well-being* in general; now *well-being* being peculiarly only. "Wealth and riches shall be in his house" (Psalm cxi, 3). In this passage "wealth and riches" are not synonymous, as we might at first suppose. The first expresses *well-being* in general, the other *pecuniary well-being*.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.
Our beloved and admirable brethren, the Rev. H. B. Pope and Dr. Rigg, are by this time, I suppose, on your shores, and will in three or four days make their official debut in the Conference. Dr. Rigg is already known to many of your ministers and people. He is one of the strongest of our more public and prominent men, equal to almost any in the depth, compass, and accuracy of his scholarship and general knowledge, and capable above most as a debater. Mr. Pope is a most accomplished theologian and divine. I have no doubt as to the impression these brethren will make among you; and I trust that these periodical interchanges of courtesy between the two bodies will cement them in a closer union. Considering how much we have in common, how precious is the heritage of truth committed to our charge, and how large a portion of the human race have been brought under our influence, we cannot be too earnest or assiduous in promoting, and on all suitable occasions, exhibiting the warmest attachment to one another. May you have a happy Conference, and may our brethren come back to us "in the fullness of the blessings of the Gospel of peace!"

I have reason to believe that a very considerable work of religious revival has for some time been going on in different parts of our Connection; and we shall be much disappointed if we have not reported at our forthcoming district meetings a large increase in the number of our members. Several of our large northern towns have been favored with abundant "showers of blessing," and a very remarkable work has been in progress for some months in that prescriptive home of revivals, the Cornwall district. I heard, the other day, of something like a thousand conversions in a few weeks in one circuit alone; but even as God is setting before His people "a great door and an effectual," so now, as in the days of St. Paul, "there are many adversaries." During the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, it was encouraging and pleasing to see how, with very few exceptions, the press spoke favorably of their work; but I see that a very stale and poor reproach has just been revived in Edinburgh. Some "official report" on lunacy or the local lunatic asylums states that there has been a large increase in the number of cases of insanity, and that such increase is traceable in a great degree to the effect of the revival services held in that city some two years ago. Hereupon the old class of critics moralizes upon the connection between religious excitement and lunacy, and seeks to write down and discourage revivalism. I suppose no great work of God has ever taken place without arousing this sort of hostile criticism. At any rate, we can go back to heathen Festus: "Paul, thou art beside thyself! much learning hath made thee mad!" Is it not strange that these people so willfully shut their eyes to the general and permanent moral results of these clerical revivals? What would the great hives of our various industries in Northumberland, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, and Cornwall have been, but for revivals? It is all very well to howl against "spasmodic and hysterical religion," but the fact is that the mighty moral renovation which the populations of those countries have undergone, is due chiefly to the thing to which such ugly epithets are attached. I have sometimes been afraid that the spirit of revivalism was dying out among English Methodists, and that we were in danger of losing our glorious reproach; but recent events have much reassured me. The fire is there still, and every now and then it is fanned by the breath of heaven into a mighty flame.

At last our new Hymn-book is published, and it is meeting with a hearty

welcome throughout the Connection. A little knot of laymen, chiefly Bristolians, have done, and will continue to do their worst to prevent its general adoption. One of them, a man of great energy and few scruples, after vainly trying to induce the Book Committee to greatly lower the price of the Hymn-book, took advantage of the death of Mr. Thomas Jackson, the last survivor of the body in which the copyright had been invested, to publish a pirated edition on his own account. According to the best legal opinion obtainable, seven years would elapse before the copyright would expire. This turns out to have been a mistake. Had the book been registered in accordance with the law some twenty years ago, we should have had the copyright for seven years after Mr. Jackson's death. But this necessary formality had been overlooked; and, on an appeal to the courts of equity, judgment was given against us. Thus the speculators in question established their legal right. It was at once determined to publish a new Hymn-book so compiled as to ensure the copyright of it to the Book Room; and, after two years of hard work, the Hymn-book is now complete. The parties in question have circulated the most infamous and mendacious statements both against the Book Committee and against the Methodist ministers generally, and have endeavored to forestall the market with what, in a moral point of view, I must continue to call their pirated edition. But they have not succeeded in appreciably damaging the new and authorized book. The demand for this is so great, and urgent, and universal, that the steward has had to request every superintendent to restrict his orders for the present, so as not to include any for stock, but only to meet the actual and present demand. It is a beautiful book, not only in its getting up, but also in the selection of the new Psalms and hymns contained in the supplement. The supplement in use at present was compiled about forty years ago. Although there are many choice, and a few truly exquisite, hymns in it, it is, nevertheless, on the whole, inferior to the old Hymn-book, and has never been too popular. In particular, it failed to remedy the chief defect of the old one. It did not supply anything like the necessary number of hymns for public worship, and for use in special services. The new supplement, which will gradually take its place, does this completely.

The first part consists of a hundred and four select Psalms, and the hymns that are classified under the heads of Adoration; the Person, Offices, and Work of Christ; the Birth and Life and Works of Christ; the Sufferings, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Kingdom of Christ; the Holy Spirit; Penitential Hymns; the Experience of Believers; Christian Ordinances and Institutions; Death and the Future Life; the Lord's Day, and for Various Occasions. The number of hymns in the new book is 1,026 as against 769 in that whose place it is intended to take. The Supplement is for the present to be published separately, in order to meet the case of those who wish to use the old ancestral book generally known as John Wesley's hymn-book.

We are now on the eve of the "May meetings." The services of our missionary anniversary will begin to-night in Southwark Chapel, where the Rev. John A. Workman will preach. Tomorrow evening Dr. Moulton (whose fame as one of the members of the New Testament revision committee, and as the translator of Winer's Greek grammar of the New Testament, may have reached you,) is to preach in City Road Chapel. The President will take the Centenary Hall service on Thursday; and Dr. Landells, minister of Regent's Park Baptist Chapel, will occupy the pulpit of Great Queen Street Chapel on Friday morning. Mr. Alexander McArthur, M. P. for Leicester, will preside at the Exeter Hall meeting on Monday, and another excellent Methodist layman, Mr. Frederick Howard, of Bedford, will be chairman at the breakfast meeting on Saturday. The programme is a very inviting one, and we expect a good time.

YOUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.
London, April 20, 1876.

Editorial Items.
The problem of popular education is in the process of solution the world over. The main struggle seems to be between a secular and a sectarian education, and a serious question arises as to the precise limits of a so-called secular system. How far shall it include the teaching of morality and religion? Does it necessarily involve the exclusion of the Bible? Again, shall general education be under the control of the State or the Church? In the United States, this is a solved question, or, at least, it is generally conceived to be so. We notice that Dr. Dabney, a Southern clergyman, denounces our public school system as a dangerous invasion of the rights of parents, to whom alone provisionally belong the education of their children. This clergyman attempts to show that Massachusetts has been a terrible sufferer from her public schools, immorality and crime having increased as education advanced; and he contrasts with her pitiable condition the happiness of the South, where State school-houses have not multiplied jails and penitentiaries.

Parents in Massachusetts are singularly patient under the State tyranny which provides for the education of their children; and, as to the records of crime in the North and South, two things are to be considered: first, that crime is more certainly punished at the North than at the South; and second, that a very large proportion of criminals in the former section are of foreign nativity, and of the clan which has experienced the least benefit from our schools.

James R. Osgood & Co., have removed their Publishing House, in order to secure ample rooms for their large and increasing business in heliotype printing, to the upper stories of the fine Cathedral Building, be-

longing to the Rich estate. The entrance is upon Devonshire Street, No. 220. The second story affords a fine sales-room for their numerous publications, with necessary offices. The upper stories are devoted to various departments of the heliotype process. It is wonderful to mark the growth of this trade, and the success with which the finest pictures and engravings are reproduced. Book illustrations are beginning to be largely secured in this way, and the rarest works of art are brought within the enjoyment of persons who cannot visit galleries or buy expensive pictures. We are glad to note the signs of an active market for the best literature in these days of great business depression. No house has done a better service for our leading American literary writers, than this popular publishing firm and the gentlemen whom it has succeeded. The finest editions, also, of modern English poets, essays and writers of fiction are to be found bearing its imprint. Its latest books — the Classic Series, its miniature editions of Hawthorne and Emerson, its delightful life of Tennyson, and the cheap but beautiful complete dollar editions of Whittier and Tennyson are among the most successful. The rooms are pleasant places for our friends to visit.

A friend writes from New York: "Last Sunday morning I listened to Dr. Hall. The text was Phil. 3, 7: 'But made himself of a servant, etc.' The sermon was a clear exposition of the text and context, close, pointed and practical. No declamation, no flights of the imagination, no wandering from the subject, but Scriptural points well fortified by quotations, and delivered with an affectionate earnestness that held the attention of all. His admonition to Christians to count all things as nothing, compared with the importance of abiding in Christ; and the last part of the sermon which was an appeal to the unconverted to seek first the kingdom of God, were very impressive."

"Every seat in the house was occupied, and many were standing up in the rear of the pews. That was a sample of the preaching it cannot be said of his audiences that they are attracted by novelty or sensationalism. In my judgment, that is the kind of preaching that is needed. At any rate, it was a means of grace to me."

The second volume of the admirable "History of the Civil War in America," by the Comte De Paris, is now issued. It is published in the same finished mechanical style as its predecessor, and is abundantly illustrated with original maps and plans of battles. This volume opens with the second year of the war, and the final movement after the most disheartening defeats of the army of the Potomac under McClellan. The battles at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Gaines Mills, and Malvern are recorded with great fullness of detail, and at times with picturesque style. The naval engagements of the war, such as at Memphis, and Patuxent follow. The successive battles in Maryland, ending at Antietam, afford a series of very exciting chapters.

The movements of Buell in Kentucky, the battles of Corinth and Prairie Grove form the subjects of Book 4th. The campaign of Grant and Rosecrans in Tennessee are given in the 5th. The terrible conflict at Fredericksburg is in the 6th. The closing chapter is an admirable political and financial *resumé*, closing with a vivid account of the inauguration of the policy of emancipation. The volume ends with the sublime moral climax of the great civil struggle in the proclamation of President Lincoln's act of enfranchisement of all persons held in servitude throughout the land. It is remarkable that a foreign mind should have so clearly comprehended all the elements of a civil controversy so eminently national in its character, and involving so many peculiar social, civil and moral interests. This history of the war, while failing to meet the entire approval of all the living actors in these anxious and serious hours of almost constant conflict, is so fair, so able, so vivacious in description, and so excellently illustrated, that it must take its high place among the authoritative histories of the war. The work is every where to be had. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

Our republican system has its perils as well as its blessings. There may be despotism of the many no less than of the few. In the hands of an ignorant and unprincipled or misguided multitude, the greatest wrongs may be perpetrated in the name of liberty, and even under the form of law. "Party spirit" Church trustees and even gunboats of the Constitution the checks and balances designed to regulate and harmonize the working of the different departments of government, into the instruments of monstrous inequality. We are threatened just now in the admission of New Mexico as a State, with a population of 91,300, composed mainly of Spanish peons and Indians, ignorant and immoral, with a sprinkling of only 5,000 English speaking people. What few schools there are, are controlled by Jesuit priests, and the government would be almost entirely in their hands, should this Territory become a State. Its representatives in Congress would be elected according to their dictation. To think of some one of our older, well-populated, and intelligent States, as New York or Pennsylvania, being neutralized in the United States Senate by New Mexico! And even now formidable evil might result from transforming this Territory into a State — its invasion by the Mormons, who are said to have such a project in view; for, once the controllers of a government, they might laugh at Congress, and practice polygamy without national interference.

Massachusetts has appointed a splendid delegation to the National Republican Convention; for the most part, certainly, it comprises men who cannot be bought, or turned into the crowd by ways of trading politicians. They mean to represent the good of the country. We should like to see professional wire-pullers trying their game on "Rev. Hosea Biglow." We can imagine the fire of righteous wrath gleaming from his eyes, and breaking forth in such strains as have made his name immortal. If it is our duty to make "supplications, prayer and intercessions for all that are in authority," then we should for those who meet as the representatives of the people in great convention, to nominate men to rule over us, that they may be led to select such as give promise of being "just, ruling in the fear of God." Brethren, pray for these representative men, who are charged with such a solemn trust.

The present Congress is doing an immense laundry business. But it is strongly suspected that the Democrats are more anxious to defile their neighbors than to cleanse their own reputations, and that they employ men to throw mud at respectable Republicans, hoping that a good deal will stick. Indeed, "for ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," some of the representatives of the party quite rival the Chinese competitors in the washing business.

The Catholic Church at all pleased with the result of Italy. It compels overruled with government. Rome, forty at No. 400 special travel. But if this is true, espionage learned court itself, who families and even furnished vicar. The Review and books and pictures offensive posters Catholic Church in "The Roman Ecce," the con-

not evitable to the religion." Does that the Protest inculcate immo-

The Irish Episcop through stormy majority oppose the book, which seemed the body, and are shall exclude rituals, baptismal in- lecter present in- amition, etc. I in this direction time fixed for r- Hence the battle denounce the eva- and call upon the rescue of the ark circumscribed, by men" to the app-

When officers of past service, the have defended, them. Why should for veteran education best part of their country against the rance and vice? means should be either sex to abili- and it is certain- any means lay enough for their be laid aside from that George Willm- prehensive views as an act of justifi- cation (we speak of medicine), and the interests of the co-

Last Friday morn- were suddenly de- which they had in Boston, and former, by his over- reckless and dan- munity, acknowl- thority of more than to become penite- to the religious in- whom he called to- his cold earthly- hard, careless ar- His murder of a- disposition of his- most thoroughly- crime. The loss after the worst thing after a year's pr- was an act of evid- a terror to evide-

Our old and gr- I. M. Bidwell, w- with his excellen- sary of their we- Bidwell, through- list, has long be- ago, and has al- less character, a- in the community. A fine address, a- read by Mr. F. L- marks were ma- Altogether it was

The Book Agen- law call for a s- sue entitled "C- Corporations" b- It gives a sum- ments now exis- and religious org- Judge Fancher- misguided the "L- New York," is p- This manual sh- Church trustees- legal proceeding- rights of all ro- has it.

The great Nor- by has been in- in Brooklyn, the fraternal sp- the Methodist- Methodist Epis- an enthusiastic- has offered anot- overture for a- the Northern A- Assemblies. T- sion in Savann-

Men of ideas, reason and com- put by as well- worthy of adm- enough for lea- Declaration of- Constitution, in- a declaration of- men — so they- bellum days —- ility idealism o- vated the lov- as they are," as possible abstrac- the country lo- When we went

Some persons- excellent gentl- dependent Cou- by so doing, pu- tue and wisdom- share in this op- of their critice- sided and arg- moral evil, is a- righteous, wh- patriots, who- voice of reason- countrymen to- leniency of th- mind much nee-

"Favorite So- grounds, most o- blight. These- represent for- small number- who expect to- favoritism in- and fishes, in- be boosted into- patronage.

Camp-ground by J. K. & B. SEARS. 214.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.

Sunday, June 11.
Lesson XI. Acts v. 27-49.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

APOSTLES BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

We are watching, through these successive lessons, the rugged experiences that made the apostles of Christ worthy to be counted the founders of His Church. They were tested by rough treatment; they felt the refining power of fiery trials; they bore the cuts which the sharp edge of persecution inflicted. But their conduct indicates that they had unbounded faith in the righteousness of their cause. The calm, steady defiance with which they faced the Jewish authorities, and disregarded their threats, proves their courageous faith. When Peter afterwards came to sum up the spiritual traits that should adorn the Christian, it is not strange that he said—“Add to your faith courage.” The first age of the Church, like some of the later periods of her history, was a heroic age, and her members needed the fibre of heroes.

A new defender, however, appears at this crisis from the upper ranks of Judaism. The masses so far had been—perhaps only in a blind, enthusiastic way, but nevertheless heartily—on the side of the apostles, and the Sanhedrists feared to act wholly counter to the prevailing temper of the people. Now there appears a man who steps down from his position of scholarship and wide intelligence, an educated lawyer, discreet, reasonable, judicious, to give advice. With a cool, rational way of putting his argument, he checks the heated process which the Sadducees were urging against their Christian prisoners. From an unexpected quarter an advocate for the Church came forth. He applied the philosophy of common sense to this movement of the new Church, and thought it more wise to let the cause have a chance to justify itself by its works than to murder its innocent champions.

They set them before the council, etc. A second time the apostles were summoned before a tribunal of the Jews to answer for their conduct. The Sadducees were eager to suppress the new faith, by silencing its preachers. They were diligent in opposing, as the apostles were undaunted in performing their duty.

Did not we straightly command you, etc. The high priest holds up the authority and prohibition of the council before the prisoners to awe them into obedience and a retraction of their former decision to go on teaching among the people. “We,” the best of the Jews, the official strength of the nation, “we,” who have a right to issue our protest and be obeyed, have laid our commands against your preaching.

This name—so conspicuous a name that it needed not to be spoken; and the high priest seems to disdain taking it upon his lips—a hated name to Pharisees and Sadducees, and yet the name whose authority far transcended that of the Sanhedrim.

Ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, Jerusalem had already ceased to be the city of Jewish glory—it no longer had one great religious life and system of worship. The old ancestral faith was a dry and fruitless tree, cumbering the ground. Christ's new truth was supplanting it. The city was passing into the hands of the apostles in its religious life, and as Christ had before ordained, it was becoming the centre and stronghold of His kingdom. The “doctrine” (teaching) of the apostles was taking root among the multitudes of the city.

This man's blood upon us. Two interpretations of this are possible; either they accused the apostles of charging them (the Jews) with the crucifixion of Christ; or they thought “the people,” who were becoming converts to the doctrine of Christ, would be incited to take vengeance upon the Sanhedrim. The latter meaning best fits the preceding clause.

We ought to obey God rather than men. The members of the Sanhedrim were the rulers to whom the Jewish people acknowledged allegiance, although the Roman power held the Jews as subjects of the empire. But the apostles recognized a higher law than the edict of this council—God's will. They refused to obey Jewish law, but did not resist the penalties of disobedience. They steadfastly refused to violate conscience.

The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, etc. The age of the fathers, of the patriarchs and prophets, had been full of the foreshadowings of a Saviour. He came as God's well-beloved Son, “raised up” out of our human conditions, to be the divine yet human Messiah. Him ye slew by hanging on a tree (“tree” by a Hebraism is put for cross). Peter presents the fact of Christ's crucifixion in its bare, ignominious outlines, intending to pierce their Jewish consciences with remorse.

Him hath God exalted, etc. His humiliation and death only led to His exaltation. From the mediatorial throne, to which His resurrection and ascension carried Him, He rules as a saving Prince, gives repentance, the opportunity of repenting, to all Israelites who will receive Him, and forgiveness of sins to all who repent. “The exaltation of Christ is represented as securing the result in question, because it was the consummation of His work, and gave effect to all that preceded.”

We are witnesses of these things. The apostles were to be witnesses of certain indisputable facts. To hold up the simple truth before men, was all their work. The truth has power enough to convert men if the followers of Christ

will only give it utterance—witness for it.

So is also the Holy Ghost. One has said: “The Holy Ghost is the present Christ.” The Spirit witnesses to the whole redemptive work of Jesus, “testifying, through men, those loftier things which no human experience can assure nor human imagination compass.”

They were cut to the heart, etc. The pungent address of Peter went to their consciences, and they felt their crime against Him who ought to have been their Saviour. But their hatred was so bitter as to give no chance for repentance; they only plotted in more deadly counsels against the lives of their accusers.

Gamaliel, a doctor of the law. A zealous Pharisee, unrivaled in knowledge of the law, a wise and enlightened man, opposing by his calm judicial advice, the rage of the council against the apostles. There is no evidence in his speech that he was inclined to the Christian faith, although ecclesiastical tradition makes him become a Christian, and be baptized by Peter and John. We know that his pupil, Saul of Tarsus, was a violent persecutor of the early Christians.

Ye men of Israel take heed to yourselves. A wise man looks for the teachings of experience. History is “philosophy teaching by experience.” Gamaliel shows his wisdom in turning the attention of the council to certain precedents which he had in mind, that might have some weight in this case of the apostles. He saw that the Sanhedrim was rushing on towards a decision against the apostles which might be unnecessary, or even unjust. He makes two suppositions in respect to the work of the apostles: that it was either an enthusiastic movement of a few fanatics, or it was a divine plan and work which God's servants were persecuting in His strength. He challenges the proceedings of the council, therefore, begs them to beware, and think calmly upon the possibilities of the case.

Theudas. This insurrectionist cannot be identified with any one of that name mentioned by Josephus. Some able critics maintained that the Theudas sustained by Gamaliel was the man, called by Josephus, Simon, a slave of Herod, who aspired to the crown in the year of that monarch's death. At that period there was great commotion in civil affairs, and repeated insurrections; Theudas was a leader in some of those disturbances. The fact which Gamaliel wished to impress was, that this man was a mere charlatan, and although he created a temporary excitement, he and his followers soon came to naught.

After this man rose up Judas of Galilee. Josephus speaks of this founder of a sect. On account of oppressive taxation levied upon the province of Judea by Cyrenius, president of Syria, a revolt sprang up under this Judas, who taught that it was not lawful to pay tribute to Caesar. They were called zealots, treated as fanatics, the leader was slain, and his followers scattered.

Refrain from these men. Wait and give them a fair chance. Let them prove by experience, if they can, that their work is righteous.

If this . . . be of men, etc. A fanatical outburst of frothy enthusiasm will soon spend its force.

If it be of God ye cannot overthrow it. A divine cause has divine strength to uphold it; to fight against it in that case would be worse than folly.

To him they agreed. His argument was so convincing and dispassionate that their former heated measures were checked, and the advice of this wise counselor was taken.

When they had called the apostles and beaten them. They had almost determined to put the apostles to death. Gamaliel had so far quieted their rage that they let the prisoners off with scourging, and another command against their further preaching. “The instrument frequently used in scourging was a whip consisting of two lashes, knotted with bones, or heavy indented circles of bronze, or terminated by hooks, in which case it was aptly termed a scorpion.”

They departed . . . rejoicing that they were counted worthy, etc. “Rejoicing” not so much that their lives were spared, as that they had entered so fully into the sufferings of their Master as to be scourged as He was; and that they might thus testify to the steadfastness of their love for Him. Again they went forth from prison free to obey the voice of conscience, more authoritative far than the voice of the Sanhedrim, and to preach the truth in the temple and in every available dwelling where hearers would gather.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, June 11.

1 Why were the apostles arraigned a second time?

2 What charge did the high-priest make against them?

3 To whom did the apostles acknowledge the highest allegiance?

4 Who was Gamaliel, and what motive had he in giving his counsel?

5 What was the effect of his address upon the Sanhedrim?

HOW CHRIST SUFFERED FOR MEN.

BY REV. JAMES W. FITCH.

Some would represent the doctrine of Christ's atonement in this way: The companions and schoolmates of a certain young prince dislike to study, and in order to impress them with a sense of their wrong, and excite their ambition, the father proposes to publicly and severely whip his son; and the son,

eager to do anything for his companions, willingly assents. So, upon an appointed day, the boys behold the prince enduring punishment for their sakes; and what is the result? They pity the son, but they fear, and if they dared they would hate, the father, who punishes the innocent, not even sparing his own child. Such a theory of making the innocent endure the punishments of the guilty, has no foundation in justice. No human judge ever enforces the doctrine; no parent or teacher ever recommends it.

But let us change this illustration somewhat, and we shall see that while vicarious punishment is false, vicarious suffering is true. We will suppose that the father and son, both anxious that the latter's playmates should be made better, agree that the son shall go among his unfaithful companions, and, by diligently applying himself to the studies, give them an example. The son does so. He takes upon himself the hardest tasks, and whenever his companions request his aid, he gives it willingly. From the first, the father looks on with admiration and says, “This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.” And once afterwards, unable to repress his joy, the father exclaims: “I have honored my son before, but I will honor him again.”

But the playmates of the prince are stubborn and selfish. They begin to murmur against him. Then they hate him, but he never answers them again. They beat him and spit upon him, but he is as gentle and willing to help as ever; and then, in furious, unprovoked rage, they rise up and thrust him through with daggers. That awful deed recalls them to their senses, and they “look on him whom they have pierced.” They think of all he has done for them—his meekness, patience, and forgiving spirit, and then they come to the king and say, “We have no hope—none excepting this: He whom we have murdered desired above all things that we should be obedient to you; for his sake we ask to be forgiven, and, if spared, we will, for his sake, do all we can in thy service.”

Such, I imagine, is the way in which Christ came to be our Saviour, only death had no power to bind this Prince in the grave; therefore has He risen to be our intercessor at the right hand of God—that is, at the place of power.

The Family.

GOD'S WILL.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

Beneath the hand divine.

O heart, be still!

And let God's will be thine—

Abide His skill.

God's ways are always best,

Though rough they seem;

And sorrow's vale is blest

With mercy's beam.

Of suffering are born

The soul's best gifts,

As bright breaks the morn

Through cloudy rifts.

Scorn not the skill divine—

Infinite love—

That fashions thee to shine

In worlds above.

God doth all things well,

O, murmur not!

Let His high praises swell,

Who rules thy lot.

Who marks the sparrow's fall,

The planet's flight,

Shall heed thy gentlest call,

Guide thee aright.

O, stamp, supernal Power,

Thine image bright

Upon my soul, and pour

Intenser light.

A HOLIDAY.

BY C. A. LOOMIS.

Billy is at the door. “All aboard!” and there's a hurried fastening of hats under back hair, a donning of gauntlets and dusters, and the “women folks,” with Willis, the little guest, are off for a holiday.

“What shall we do with the house?” asks careful Marmee, who generally bides at home.

“Why, we can't take it with us!” responds Hattie.

“I'll look out for it,” calls paterfamilias in a stentorian voice, making off in an opposite direction, and we are morally certain he will never think of it again until dinner time. So we prudently look the doors, and with characteristic consistency leave every window open, but trust that closed blinds will have an insupportable look to the traditional “tramp,” and decide him to pass on. Spot wags his tail in anticipation.

“No, no, Spottie, you must stay on guard!” and the wistful look changes to one of dejected obedience.

Ten minutes' ride, and we are in the land of “wooden nutmegs and cast-iron hams.” Billy ambles on, in ruminating mood, and knowing well the indulgent character, occasionally turns aside for a mouthful of leaves from a wayside bush, or a taste of juicy grass by the road. Past shaven fields we glide, and pleasant farmhouses where the matrons are out amid the bean-poles selecting “garden sass” for the noonday meal, or spreading their milk-pans to the sweetening sun; through wide old country streets, with an air of prim respectability about the homes on either hand, and a hint of their owners' conservatism in the rigid rows of holy-hocks and sunflowers from door to gateway; anon through narrow lanes, fringed with uncultivated bushes, and ear are caught, here by a nimble chipmunk racing with us along the stone-wall, and there by a meadow lark, as he sings with roguish cunning and sweet, imitable inflections. “I—see you! You can't—see—me!”

Just at the base of a bold mountain range our way has been, but now we turn sharply, and begin to ascend. Very slowly we climb, after the late exciting race with Bunnie. A precipice on our right hand, a slender railing dividing it from the road, and walls of forbidding ledges on the left. A little gloomy and weird it seems, as if a highwayman's chosen spot, but lo! emerging from its umbrageous gloom, what a view is spread before us. We draw rein and stand erect. A happy valley, by frowning, wooded mountains guarded, and in its midst the north pond of the group known as Southwick Ponds lies dimpling in the sunshine. Gazing with many ejaculations of delight, we descry, at wide intervals, a section of a brown roof, a group of cattle grazing, the white stones of a little graveyard, and a distant spire lifting its slender finger above the foliage. But we never could stop long at such an altitude, and Billy is admonished to “go on.” Here is a noble homestead, and a white-headed octogenarian sits in the shade, a book upon his knee. “It's old Captain Pollus, I must speak to him,” says Marmee, and we halt again.

Many stories are told of this man's physical and spiritual prowess. A “powerful exhorter” in the days of early Methodism, his presence gave inspiration to the “means of grace,” and character to the community. “I'm reading the Book of the Martyrs,” says the old saint. “I've read it a many times, but I want to read it again.” This man, in his prime, would have eclipsed modern gymnastic feats and “health-lift” marvels. The boys of two generations later love still to tell how, when he was once coming down an icy mountain with an ox-sled of wood, and something gave way, threatening much damage, he loosed the “off” ox from the yoke, stepped into his place, and sustained his share of the load with the “nigh” one to the foot of the hill. They tell, too, of his lifting a baby cot each successive day from its birth till it was a full-grown horse.

Now we come to a country school-house. The little tow-heads, stealing furtive glances from the windows, are too great an attraction for one of our party, and by great grace and clemency she is allowed to stop and visit the institution.

“What shall we do, while we wait for her?”

“Don't you want some water?”

“I do,” says Willis.

“We'll make an errand in here for some.”

How pleased about something the girl looks who comes to the door, as does also the matron within. A few greetings and out it comes. Twins at this house, just a week old! “Don't you want to see them?” We tiptoe into a great shady room, with a beautiful old-fashioned striped carpet possessing fifty years of history all its own, and there's the cradle! We hold our breath. The father reaches out a great, bronzed but loving hand to lay off the netting, and we stare down upon a pair of the daintiest, demi-semi-quavers of humanity you ever saw. In comes nurse, a handsome woman of fifty, with wavy gray hair.

“Isn't this Mrs. —?”

“Yes.”

“I thought so, you don't know me. Just look at me a minute, though it's twenty years since you've seen me.”

Marmee cuds her brain, and ransacks the attic of her memory, but has to do what Pompey did with the conditum, “gub'er up.” The lady jogs her treacherous recollection, and then what a hand-shaking, what laughing, and they launch out into a tide of retrospections. Apprehensive of delay, we wedge in a question: “How far is it to Copper Hill?” “Two miles,” and we make our adieu and journey on.

A few minutes later, and we behold the object of our excursion. This is Newgate—the old Connecticut State Prison, long since abandoned for the present institution at Wethersfield. The iron bars and massive walls, even in ruins, chill us with their threatening aspect. We tie our steed in the shade of a chestnut, and proceed to make the tour. Into the stone-paved court, past the treadmill, up the dilapidated stairs of ancient workshops, down into subterranean bake-rooms, with mammoth boilers, and ovens, and cauldrons, we wander; up again to the ponderous stone-wall that was formerly ornamented on the top by quantities of rough, jagged pieces of glass cemented in edgewise, so that the convicts should cruelly cut their hands and be compelled to desist if they attempted escape by scaling this wall.

Several parties are here to-day, picnicking under the trees across the way, or grouped with unconscious picturesqueness among the ruins. Here is a fine old country gentleman who pays the chaplain very acceptably for a little time, and contributes many an anecdote for our delectation. “I used to come here seventy years ago,” he says, “on a Sunday, to see them prisoners come into chapel, by couples, their feet shackled, and an iron chain going between their legs the whole length of the gang.”

“You must have been a little fellow,” we insinuate.

“Yes, yes,” he muses, “my father fetched the first prisoner that was ever brought here. He was a young chap; he'd stole twenty cents from a bar in Hartford, and they put him in here, down in the hole for twenty-four hours.”

“Tell us about the mines.”

“Well, you see there's copper here,” picking up a specimen of the ore, “but

it didn't never pay for working. Before the Revolutionary war they sent a whole ship-load on to England, to have it tested, and she won't never heard from. Then, during the Revolution, they used to catch the Tories and put 'em down in the mine for safe keeping, before this 'ere prison was built.”

“Did prisoners ever escape?”

“Well, not easy. You see there's a dry well down below, where they used to draw up the ore in buckets worked by horse-power. Well, they said that old Captain Viets' daughter, that lived in that big house you see across the road (‘twas a tavern then), fell in love with one of the prisoners and helped him to escape up that dry well. Then some on 'em did try to mine out 'way through the mountain. They was all put down in the hole to sleep awhile, and I expect some o' the desprits ones used to spend a good part o' the nights borin'. Leastways the keepers discovered they'd tunneled a right smart distance.”

“Did you ever hear me tell Abbe's story, girls?” says Marmee.

“Yes, ages ago, but tell it again.”

“Your grandmother and I were paring apples late one night. I was about sixteen. The boys, your uncles Thad and Lucius and Henry, had been off to general training that day, and had come home tired, and hung their coats up in the old kitchen. Your Aunt Della had finished a fine shirt for one of them, and hung that up on a peg. Everybody was abed but we two. All at once we heard a noise. It was about half past eleven. We listened, and soon it was repeated—a little clank. ‘Something's wrong at the barn,’ says your grandmother. ‘Maybe some of the cattle have got loose. We won't call you father; you get the lantern, and we'll go out and see.’ So I lit the lantern. We went out to the barn, and found everything all right and safe; then we went in, put things to rights, and went to bed.”

“Next morning the new fine shirt, one of the boys' coats, and two or three other things were gone. We never locked a door in those days, and two days after we heard that a convict had escaped from Newgate. Still, as we lived a dozen miles away, we hardly connected the two events; but months after, when snow came, and they were getting out the old sleigh for use, they chanced to open the box and found in it a whole suit of convict's clothes, half gray and half black, you know, together with the shackles. It was his struggling to get rid of these we heard that night, though it's a marvel how he ever succeeded. Well, brother Thad put them up and brought them over here to Newgate, and undid them before the warden, who exclaimed, ‘You've got Abbe!’ ‘No,’ ‘But these are what he wore away,’ said the warden. And, girls, Abbe never was caught nor heard from to this day.”

A family lives in the old warden's house. We interview the matron.

“Can we go down into the mines?”

“Yes, but your gowns won't be white when you come up. You can't go without candles. I keep 'em to sell for ten cents apiece. There ain't no man here to go down with ye.”

Gowns are a secondary consideration, but her last suggestion becomes an imperative necessity the more we think of it. “I won't go down with you alone,” says Hattie, mysteriously, and refuses to demonstrate the “why.” We whip off the daisy heads with our parasols and hum,

“Oh, for a man—oh, for a man—oh, for a man in the skies!”

Marmee has slipped off to a couple of gentlemen that have just appeared on the scene. How she contrived to flatter them into compliance we shall never know, but the exigencies of the hour developed her talents as the “maneuvering mamma” to a degree before undreamed of, and, presto! the aforesaid gentlemen were at our service.

We go around the warden's house, down a slight declivity, and open a door into a little brick dungeon. We see an open trap a yard square, and a stout ladder leading perpendicularly into the vault. The ladder is fastened with iron bands into the solid rock. One after another we peer into the gloom and retreat appalled. “Any ghosts down there?” laughs the younger of our “impressed” gallants; and after a little badinage as to who shall pioneer, we make the descent, holding the faring candle aloft with one desperate grip, and the ladder rounds with the other. The day is intensely hot, but a clammy chill pervades the cavern. Our hero above mentioned begins to sport Shakespeare with tragic tones and gestures: “I am thy father's spirit,” etc., “doing” the ghost scene in Hamlet. We clap our hands and cry, “bravo!” and telegraph to Hattie, “college boy.” Little Willis gets a more tenacious hold of Hattie's hand. Sometimes we walk erect, bumping our heads now and then, and sometimes the rocky roof compels us to play the quadruped while we grope through winding passages with spinal columns accommodated to the situation. The gentlemen are devoted. A ready hand is constantly extended to aid our uncertain movements, the sedate elder remarking, in a tone of mock comfort, “the pink roses on your hat are spoiled;” and the younger in sepulchral chest tones beginning to a

“tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood; make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres; Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And each particular hair to stand on end, Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

Willis, little man, has been brave till now, but this is the drop too much. He implores us to ascend. “Soon, dear,” Ha, yonder is a gleam of light! We hasten forward. A little pond, and light reflected upon it through an excavation to the upper air, though we dare not stand near enough the water's edge to get a glimpse of the blue sky far above.

How very cold the water is, and what a curious limy color! We never looked up a well before. A pole like a fishing rod lies near. The elder plumbs the depths, and all but a few inches disappears. Ugh! While from the rocks above and around the drops of moisture fall into the tiny lake with a slow, solemn splash—splash. Now and then a horrible, icy drop falls upon our necks or hands. To think that human beings have slept in this cave! Why, we can't find an even surface large enough for a couch. They would die in such a charnel-house.

Little Willis' nerves are by this time on the keen edge of desperation. Half-ashamed, but wholly in earnest, he puts in a plaintive little “please,” and we escort him to the place of egress, give him a cheery word, and up he goes the thirty-five feet of ladder like a squirrel, and is safe on terra firma. We, too, after waking the echoes, chipping off specimens, and exploring over the same territory, not daring to try a new “gallery,” conclude that it is time for refreshments, and ascend, but oh, what looking objects we are in the light of day! We express our skepticism in regard to this subterranean region ever having been used as a sleeping apartment. “Oh, yes,” we are assured, “and what is most remarkable, prisoners never took cold; and for a hundred years nothing has ever been known to mould down there.”

With thanks for the courtesy begged for us and kindly extended to us, we take leave of the gentlemen.

“But,” says the younger, “you'll want to know with whom you've been traveling all this time,” and there's a simultaneous fumbling in pockets all round for cards. Luckily we are provided, but judge our consternation on learning that our “college boy,” is a business man some twenty miles away. We hurry off to laugh over the denouement.

Now for lunch! “What did you put up, Hattie mine? A lot I hope, for I'm famished.”

“I put up? Why, I thought you put it up! Didn't you?” (severely.)

Here's a predicament. “Now, Marmee, there's another chance for the display of your superior tactics.”

Over trots Marmee to the good woman across the way, and negotiates with her for oats for Billy, and a nice substantial farmer's meal for ourselves.

After demolishing the tempting viands, we turn our faces homeward, and as children say in their compositions, “very much pleased with our visit.”

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